



HYMNS

PROPOSED TO BE APPENDED TO

THE CHURCH BOOK.

W
United Lutheran Church in America

SCP
3092

NOTE.

It has been concluded by the Committee on the Church Book of the General Council, in answer to many requests, to add about fifty hymns as a supplement to the present collection in that book.

The hymns, here following, have been selected and proposed for this purpose. A proof-copy has been set up, to give full opportunity to examine each hymn, and to secure the judgment of those interested, as to its fitness for the purpose indicated.

The members of the Church Book Committee, and all others to whom these pages may come, are requested to examine all carefully, and to signify without delay which or what parts of them are disapproved, or deemed unsatisfactory.

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HYMNS

PROPOSED TO BE APPENDED TO THE CHURCH BOOK.

WORSHIP IN GENERAL.

1.

Du Herrscher Aller Welt.

L. M.

MONARCH of all, with lowly fear,
To Whom Heaven's hosts their voices raise,
E'en earth and dust Thy bounties share,
Let earth and dust attempt Thy praise.

Of all, Thou the Beginning art ;
Of all things, Thou alone the End ;
On Thee still fix my steadfast heart ;
To Thee let all my actions tend.

Thou, Lord, art Light ; Thy native ray
No shade or variation knows ;
From my dark soul drive clouds away ;
The brightness of Thy face disclose.

Thou, Lord, art Love ; and Thy pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted stream ;
Let me its quickening influence prove,
And fill my heart with sacred flame.

Thou, Lord, art Good ; and Thou alone ;
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To Thee in every thought aspire.

So shall my every power to Thee,
In love, thanks, praise incessant rise;
Yea, my whole soul and flesh shall be
One holy, living sacrifice.

From J. A. Freylinghausen, d., 1739, Moravian Col., 1754.

2. *Lobe den Herren, den Mächtigen Koenig der Ehren.*

PRAISE to the Lord!
The Almighty, the King of Creation!
O, my soul, praise Him, for He is Thy health and salvation!

All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord!
Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea so gently sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord!
Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord!
Oh, let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!

Let the Amen
Sound from His people again.
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

J. Neander, 1679; Tr. Miss C. Winkworth.

3.

8, 7, 4, 7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise can sing :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Praise the Everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him,
Who behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon bow down before Him ;
Dwellers in all time and space :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

4.

8, 7s.

HALLELUIA ! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee.
Son of Man, Thy Church rejoices
In her weekly Jubilee !

Halleluia ! mercy beaming
Lights the path that leads to God ;
Herald-lips, Divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.

Halleluia! Saviour hear us;
Downward send Thy quickening Dove;
May His silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love.

Wm. Henry Havergal, 1867.

5.

O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.

9, 8.

OH would, my God, that I could praise Thee
With thousand tongues by day and night!
How many a song my lips would raise Thee
Who orderest all things here aright.

O all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore.

Sure I will tell, while I am living,
His goodness forth with every breath,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
Until my heart is still in death.

O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in heaven shall reach Thee
When I with angels hymn Thy praise.

J. Mertzner, 1704; Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.

SUNDAY.

6.

S. M.

THIS is the day of light,
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest,
Our failing strength renew !
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace,
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou all ill and discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer,
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days,
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

John Ellerton, 1868.

7.

7, 6s.

O DAY of rest and gladness !
O day of joy and light !
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To GOD the great Triune !

On Thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On Thee, for our salvation,
CHRIST rose from depths of earth ;
On Thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on Thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To HOLY GHOST be praises,
To FATHER and to SON,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest THREE in ONE.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

8.

Hallelujah Schöner Morgen.

8, 7, 7, 7.

ALLELUIA! Fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

In the gladness of His worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fullness
Of the grace for which we pray,
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

Sunday, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessèd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

Jonathan Krause, 1732 ; Tr. Jane Borthwick.

CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

9.

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
Once more we bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly bending, wait Thy word of Peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our cheer in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1866.

10.

Lass mich Dein sein und bleiben.

7, 6s.

LET me be Thine forever,
Thou faithful God and Lord;
From Thee let naught me sever,
Keep me true to Thy Word.

Lord, let my heart not waver,
But constant be to Thee ;
I'll bless Thee for Thy favor
Through all eternity.

N. Selnecker, 1572 ; Tr. F. F. Buermeier.

11.

OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord before we go ;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken ;
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain ;
O direct us,
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people wait no more.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

CHRISTMAS.

12.

8, 7, 4, 7.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
Ye, who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !
Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !
Sages, leave your contemplations.
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations.
Ye have seen His natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD, descending,
In His Temple shall appear ;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you : break your chains ;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

James Montgomery.

13.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices ;
“ Christ is born,” their choirs are singing,
Till the air Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
Here let all, Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him Who with love is yearning ;
Hail the star, That from afar
Bright with hope is burning.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will Is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd ;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

Thee, dear Lord, with deed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish ;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high, In the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653 ; Tr. Miss Cath. Winkworth.

14.

Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ.

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord !
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood ;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.
Hallelujah.

Once did the skies before Thee bow ;
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now ;
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
Now listen for Thine infant voice.
Hallelujah.

A little Child, Thou art our guest ;
That weary ones in Thee may rest ;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.
Hallelujah.

Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light—
To make us in the realm divine
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.
Hallelujah.

All this for me Thy love hath done ;
By this to Thee our love is won ;
By this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.
Hallelujah.

Luther, 1523 ; Tr. in Andover Sabbath H. B.

15.

Det kimer nu til Julefest.

L. M.

THE happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door.
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings : Peace, Good-will.

The lowly Saviour meekly lies.
Laid off the splendor of the skies ;
No crown bedecks his forehead fair,
No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

No human glory, might and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold ;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His, whom angels' songs adore.

O holy Child, Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's bright light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

Thou Patriarch's joy, Thou Prophet's song,
Thou heavenly Day-Spring, looked for long,
Thou Son of Man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord !

Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harp strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

Grundtvig ; Tr. Ch. Porterfield Krauth, 1873.

EPIPHANY.

16.

11, 10s.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

17.

C. M.

O THOU! Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay.

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

Oh yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour! give us, then, Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale.

18.

7s, 8 lines.

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
S Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar ;
Branch of Royal David's stem
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest and King supreme ;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest ;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might ;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word ;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou ;
That we like to Thee may be,
At Thy great Epiphany ;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Christopher Wordsworth.

19.

7, 6s. 8 lines.

“COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.”
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But Thou hast brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

“Come unto Me ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

“And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix, 1864.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

20.

C. M. P.

O THOU Who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward ;
Thou Hope of all our race ;
Jesus, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought, and word, and deed :
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burden free.

If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live ?
'Tis Thine alone to spare ;
With cleansèd hearts to pray aright
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.

O blessed Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore ;
Until within Thy courts above,
We see Thy face, and sing Thy love,
And with Thy saints adore.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

21.

S. M.

O UT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall ;
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

**

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee,
Before Thy throne of grace I fall ;
Be merciful to me.

H. W. Baker.

22.

C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let some kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805.

23.

7s.

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go—
Thee Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know ?

Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide ?
Who, except Thyself, can be
Hope, and help, and strength, and guide ?

Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessed Saviour, who but Thou?

Therefore evermore I'll give
Thanks and praise, my God, to Thee ;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me.

THE PASSION SEASON.

24.

L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him Who died
Of Him Who died upon the Cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon that Cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is Love. "
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

25.

8, 7s, 8 lines.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie ;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know.

J. Allen, 1757, and Walter Shirley, 1774.

26.

L. M.

OH, come and mourn beside the Cross;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Why are these hearts so cold and dead,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah, see how patiently He hangs !
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Seven times He spake—seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Saviour, Thyself Thou wouldst not save;
It was Thine own pure love that tied
Thee faster than the senseless nails :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine,
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed and slew thy God and King :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !

Oh, Love of God ! Oh, sin of man !
On this dread day your strength was tried ;
And Love at last hath conquered sin ;
For Love Himself was crucified !

Frederick William Faber.

27.

7s.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his Blood for me ;
Died, that I might live on high ;
Lived, that I might never die.

Oh, the height of Jesus' love !
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity.

Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart ;
Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me ;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own.

William McComb, 1849.

28.

8, 7, 4, 7.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
“It is finished!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished! Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
“It is finished!”
Saints the dying words record.

Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“It is finished!”
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Jonathan Evans, 1787.

29.

ART thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming
“Be at rest!”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
“And His side.”

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yes, a crown, in very surety,
“But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
“Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
“Jordan past.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
“Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
“Answer, ‘Yes.’”

St. Stephen, 8th Cent.; Tr. John Mason Neale.

30.

8, 7, 4, 7.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the Cross behold the Crown.
Look to Jesus,
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Blessed are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the Cross supplies ;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Take His easy yoke and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed people meet.

Joseph Swain, 1849.

31.

THY life was given for me !
Thy Blood, O Lord was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me :—
What have I given for Thee ?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me :
Have I spent one for Thee ?

Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me :—
Have I left aught for Thee ?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou suff'redst all for me :—
What have I borne for Thee ?

And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me :
What have I brought to Thee !

Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent ;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent :
To Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King !

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1859.

THE EASTER SEASON.

32.

Christus ist Erstanden.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia !

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia !

He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry :
Alleluia !

He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings,
Alleluia !

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia !

Michael Weisse, 1531.

33.

Hallelujah, Christus Lebt.

7s.

HALLELUIA ! Jesus lives ;
He is now the Living One ;
From the gloomy house of death
Forth the Conqueror hath gone.

Jesus lives ! why weepest thou ?
Why that sad and frequent sigh ?
He Who died our Brother here,
Lives our Brother still on high.

Jesus lives ! and thus, my soul,
Life eternal waits for thee ;
Joined to Him, thy living Head,
Where He is, thou too shalt be.

Charles Bernard Garve, 1825 ; Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1869.

34.

C. M. D.

A WAKE, glad soul, awake ! awake !
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to the grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song ;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices ring,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal Spring.

O Love ! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy :
O Grave ! whose very emptiness
To faith is full of joy :
Let but that Love our hearts supply
From heaven's exhaustless spring,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory ?
And, Death, where is thy sting ?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This Resurrection-day ;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey ;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !
And seek Thy risen Lord,
Joy in His Resurrection take,
And comfort in His Word ;
And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
“ Christ died, and rose for me.”

John S. B. Monnell, 1863.

35.

Finita jam sunt praelia.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done !
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun,
Hallelujah !

The pow'rs of Death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Hallelujah !

The three sad days are quickly sped ;
He rises glorious from the dead :
Oh, glory to our risen Head,
Hallelujah !

He closed the yawning gates of Hell ;
The bars from Heavn's high portals fell !
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell !
Hallelujah !

LORD ! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah !

Tr. Francis Pott, 1860.

THE ASCENSION.

36.

8, 7s.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate !

Hark ! the choir of angel voices,
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory !

He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death hath spoiled His foes.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His Blood within the veil ;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail.

Jesus reigns, adored by angels ;
MAN with God is on the throne ;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

37.

S. M., D.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
LORD ! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest !

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high !

Emma Leslie Toke, 1851.

CHRIST GLORIFIED.

38.

Schönster Herr Jesu.

BEAUTIFUL Saviour ! King of Creation !
Son of God and Son of man !
Truly I'd love Thee, Truly I'd serve Thee,
Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

Fair are the meadows, Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming Spring ;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer ;
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

Fair is the sunshine, Fairer the moonlight,
Bright the sparkling stars on high ;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

Beautiful Saviour ! Lord of the nations !
Son of God and Son of man !
Glory and honor, Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine !

Hymn of XII. Century.

39.

TO Him, Who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Him the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom price,
Sing we Hallelujah !

To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Him Who rose that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah !

To Him, Who now for us doth plead
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah !

To Him be glory evermore ;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore ;
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah !

Arthur Frye Russel, 1851.

40.

Gepreiset seist du Jesu Christ.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When evil thoughts molest;
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Down through the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

George Philip Harsdörffer, 1654; Tr. Edward Caswall, 1873.

41.

6, 5. 8 lines.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee ;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here.
True and everlasting
Are the glories there.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find our rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Where in joys unheard of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring, 1862.

42.

7s, 5.

LORD of mercy and of light!
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite!
Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild;
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us, when we say,
Jesus, hear and save!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

43.

8s, 6 lines.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call!
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought !
O ! far exceeding hope or thought !

Jesus, my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song ;
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

Jesus, my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1852.

WHITSUNTIDE.

44.

L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth and love,
O shed Thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred Day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth and love.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

45.

7s, 6 lines.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal.
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him, Who gave to me.

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1855.

TRINITY.

46.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God ALMIGHTY !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed TRINITY !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea.
Cherubim and Seraphim, falling down before Thee ;
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky
and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in THREE PERSONS, BLESSED TRINITY!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

47.

8, 7, 4, 7.

LEAD us, heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

SAVIOUR breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

SPIRIT of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Thomas Edmeston, 1820.

48.

8, 7, 4, 7.

GLORY be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain !
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign !
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

Glory to the King of angels !
Glory to the Church's King !
Glory to the King of nations !
Heaven and earth your praises bring ;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring.

Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
Thus the choir of angels sings ;
Honor, riches, power, dominion !
Thus its praise creation brings ;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

CHURCH AND WORD.

49.

7, 6s. 8 lines.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ our Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

S. J. Stone, 1865.

50.

C. M.

I LOVE the Church, the holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless Bride,
And O, I love her palaces,
Through all the world so wide.

I love the Church, the holy Church,
That o'er our life presides —
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides.

Be mine through life to live in her,
And when the Lord shall call,
To die in her, the Spouse of Christ,
The Mother of us all.

A. C. Core.

51.

7, 6s, 8 lines.

O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky ;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world ;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Midst mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old ;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, 1865.

MORNING AND EVENING.

52.

L. M.

NEW every morning is the Love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827.

53.

S. M.

STILL, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee, my heart would find.

With Thee, in faith, by faith
Abiding, I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns, 1856.

54.

L EAD, kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833.

55.

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our GOD forsake us,
But to reign in Glory take us
With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1827 ; 2d stanza, Richard Whately, 1860.

56.

O Lux, Beata Trinitas !

L. M.

O LIGHT, O Trinity Most Blest !
True God, Supreme and ever Best :
As now the sun of day departs,
Outpour Thy beams upon our hearts.

To Thee, at Morn our hymns we raise,
At Evening offer prayer and praise ;
And Thou our glorious theme shalt be,
Now and through all eternity.

As darkness deepens, Lord, do Thou
A night of quiet rest bestow ;
From all our sins grant us release,
And bless us with Thy perfect peace.

Ancient Latin Hymn ; partly translated by Luther

57.

8, 7s.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this day o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the heavenly morn awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

58.

6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy Rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

59.

6s.

ETERNAL Father, hear !
Fulfill Thy gracious Word !
Let Israel's Hope appear,
Thy Church behold her Lord.

How long shall death still reign,
And hell our race oppress ?
When shall earth rise again
To Eden's blessedness ?

The waves of ill are high,
The world with trouble reels ;
All lands and creatures cry :
Lord, speed Thy chariot-wheels !

O let response be given
To prayers so often told ;
Create new earth and heaven,
And bring that Age of gold.

60.

8, 7, 4, 7.

LO ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
JESUS, King of kings shall reign !

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His radiant Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Yes, Amen, let all adore Thee !
High on Thine eternal Throne !
SAVIOUR, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own :
O come quickly !
Everlasting GOD, come down !

John Cennick, 1752, and M. Madan, 1760.

61.

Wir warten Dein, O Gottes Sohn.

SON of God, we wait for Thee,
In love for Thine appearing,
We know Thou sittest on the Throne,
And we Thy Name are bearing.
Who trusts in Thee,
May joyful be,
And see Thee, Lord, descending,
To bring us bliss unending.

We wait for Thee, mid toil and pain,
In weariness and sighing ;
But glad that Thou our guilt hast borne,
And cancelled it by dying.
Hence, cheerfully,
May we, with Thee,
Take up our cross, and bear it,
Till we relief inherit.

We wait for Thee ; here Thou hast won
Our hearts to hope and duty ;
But while our spirits feel Thee near,
Our eyes would see Thy beauty ;
We fain would be
At rest with Thee,
In peace and joy supernal,
In glorious life eternal.

We wait for Thee ; sure Thou wilt come ;
The time is swiftly nearing ;
In this we also now rejoice,
And long for Thine appearing.
O, bliss 'twill be
When Thee we see,
Homeward Thy people bringing,
With transport and with singing !

Philipp Fr derick Hiller, d. 1769.